

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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POINTS OF CONTACT

WE all need them—need to come in touch with God and one another. Points of contact, places of meeting, common interests, opportunity for the expression of individual opinion, even debate, controversy and quarrel, if you will admit it, are better than any dead level of decent indifference and bloodless isolation. Flint and steel are better than clay and sawdust, for the latter never strike fire. You can never get close to the man who never kindles and flames, but who in a careless or calculated silence never lets you know his mind. Points of contact are the points from which thought and impulse leap from soul to soul, as the electric spark leaps across the air from wire to wire.

Points of contact between living personalities are of the very essence of religion. No man in the religious life walks or can walk alone. Cut out the creeds, abandon the philosophies, if you must needs do so, but the one element which cannot be cut out, if you retain the idea or practice of religion in any fashion, is the element afforded by points of contact in personal relations. Religion is wholly on the other side of the world from egotistic isolation. Its simplest expression calls in a somehow related two. This sense of personal relations must have existed from the very beginning. It finds a satisfying statement as long ago as when the Book of Genesis was written. For the biography of an ancient man of mark is given in these few striking words: "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." Nothing more than that! But that is quite enough. All else is left to the imagination save that habitual personal relation. Yet that is quite enough to stamp him as a religious man and as one of the fathers of the saints of all the following years of earth. And in these words we can describe a Christian life today.

We all who have taken upon us the name of

Christ are called to be saints. But the saintly life is never lived alone. There never yet was a saint who lived successfully in cold and selfish isolation on the earth. There is a natural question mark of genuineness against all the religious seclusions of the world. If a man is not living in some sort of responsible social relations, if he has no points of contact with his God and his neighbors, such as Enoch evidently had, how can he be a religious man? And in proportion to our isolation must always be our oneness of thought. That soul is crippled that is forced to live and think alone. Saint Simeon on his pillar in the bare spaces of the Egyptian desert had no doubt, or thought he had, a witness to offer by his withdrawal from the world. But it was at best a fantastic and onesided witness in comparison with the unconscious testimony of the life of such a man as Paul, who spent his years in forming and continuing personal contacts with Christians in the cities of the world. The one was a wonder to the crowd. The other led a life of witness, love and obedience that is still a living force for good.

The founder of the church had quite another thought for his disciples than that of keeping them like jewels in some safe and quiet place apart. He did not send them from him to be hermits and anchorites. He trained them first and then sent them forth as heralds of good news. All Christ's teaching presupposes points of contact with the ordinary life of men. Even when he is speaking of the end of the age he expects the coming master of the kingdom to find his people busy about the affairs of their quite ordinary lives, in personal contacts with other men, but also ready for his coming in a continual fellowship of steady walk with God. In another parable, the returning of the absent lord is a time of reckoning with his servants and only those who have been diligent are advanced to larger responsibilities.

These points of contact with our fellow men are for helpfulness to others; but also for our own education. It is hard enough for us, we think, to grow into our best characters amid the interruptions of the crowd; but it is quite impossible in aloofness and isolation. There are certain lessons which sorrow and solitude may teach and there is no lack of these testing experiences in the ordinary life's adventures. But the best school of God is in our contacts with our fellows and in our efforts to obey the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These human relations, these points of contact with our fellow men in ordinary intercourse, are the great and necessary teachers. They shape and train our wills and tempers. They give us that true sense of proportionate values which is needful for well-ordered thought and life.

It would be absurd to claim that all lives are alike in opportunities of contact with the fine and beautiful things of the world. Even the windows of the soul are not all alike, or opened all alike to men. The blind man's points of contact are restricted by his personal infirmity. The lame man cannot climb the view-giving and muscle-testing mountain trails. Music makes no appeal to the deaf man. Had he not been taught otherwise, he might see the players in the orchestra at a symphony concert only as a lot of queerly gesticulating people with strange instruments. And yet even the deaf man may have music in his soul, as Beethoven did in the years of his later deafness. It is not how far we have come, but whether we have put our whole strength into the journey that will count at last. And the blind man may put far more of himself into the contacts that are open to him than the clear-eyed man who saunters about the world with his hands in his pockets and sees hardly anything he thinks worth while.

All our religious observances are meant to be points of contact for us. Prayer is such an ever-ready point of contact. We shall make the most of it if we regard it as a meeting place with God rather than if we come wholly absorbed in a large budget of selfish longings and strong desires. The diligent seeking and the personal communion come first in opportunity as well as duty; the making known of our requests is God's kindly allowance to his children. Each recollection of the will of God becomes a point of contact with the Lover of righteousness. "I have kept thy precepts and thy testimonies, for all my ways are before thee." "For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous." There are points of contact enough in the experiences of daily living to keep us in continual, happy relations with God and with our brothers. And there are friends to make and meet all along the way. There are opportunities enough. The question is whether

we make as good use of them as we might.

Think what a world of contacts and experiences lies open to us, not all at once nor to all alike, but outrunning all that we had a right to hope! Think what a wealth of opportunities God opens to us for acquaintance and communion! How vast is the ever-enlarging field of knowledge in which we can go about to make discoveries! What riches of beauty are within our reach! One man may love music best and find rich harmonies. Another may learn to see with the eyes of the great artists of the world. These points of contact multiply, but the one law holds. As many of them as we can use are ready to our taking. But there must first be an attentive and a willing mind.—"*Saturday Night Thoughts*," *Boston Transcript*.

SCIENCE AND FAITH

With argument we spent the night,
He for his science and its fact,
I for the faith which sheds a light
The least among us to attract.

He must be sure beyond the doubt,
Must hold the test tube in his hand,
And from his reckonings cast out
All that he fails to understand.

By reason only would he move,
By judgment cold and fact severe,
Discarding all he can not prove,
Accepting naught that isn't clear.

Said I: "We never can agree,
And vainly here we now dispute;
Your science tells you 'tis the tree
Which bears the blossom and the fruit.

"You hack the roots the tree will die,
And that your reason can explain;
But vainly will your science try
To bring to life that tree again.

"But when I see an apple tree
Full fruited in an orchard grow,
My faith sees that divinity
Which gave it life and shaped it so."

And thus we parted. "You," said I,
"May have your science if you choose,
But on my faith must I rely,
For naught is left if that I lose."

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES, NO. 6

It is seldom found true that, given leisure, people know how to spend it. We have to be amused. Vacation play schools meet this need of play education, and garden clubs and competitions help, especially during the summer and early fall, when daylight saving tempts grown-ups toward garden work. No effort brings greater joy than calling forth beauty or produce from seeds and slips. Every child should have a garden patch, if only a window box or ledge of tin cans.

Poor kiddies! If they could have a chance! From the time they are born they are "entertained." We laugh and talk in their faces, make sudden gestures and noises, snapping of fingers, clapping of hands, and so on, so they are stimulated or shocked, and then we wonder why they cannot find things to do when they are older. They are bored if not taken to movies, auto riding or shows, simple, free pleasure not appealing to their blasé state of mind, for which we are largely responsible, but for which they are blamed.

Kindergartners and playground leaders try to develop their imagination, but their time of influence is short and they get them late, after the damage is done.

Begin with the baby—leave it alone (although not out of sight and sound), in crib, carriage or pen. Take up only for feeding, and play gently with it but once or twice a day, *before feeding*.

Mothers say their babies won't stay in pens. It is because they were used too late, after they were accustomed to being tended. Folding pens may be easily secured and the baby put in *before* six months, to learn of itself to creep, sit up, stand and walk.

Place the pen on a comfortable, to prevent the child from reaching objectionable things and to soften the bottom: inside there should be a washable cotton pad (stork sheeting underneath is less heating than rubber, or oilcloth may be used), and never give more than two playthings at once. A red rubber dumb-bell rattle with corrugated knobs on the ends is ideal, making a gentle noise and being chewable without sucking, which leads to bad habits. For this reason, "comforters" should never be used.

A pen baby acquires agility and strength far above that of a "tended" one. A handkerchief is advised as a toy for a child old enough to play with its hands, to cover and uncover a rag doll, lay on bar of pen and pull down by the corners. If done by the mother, the child quickly catches the idea and repeats it over and over.

"Make believe" with your child. A fan or smooth stick with ribbon fastened around it makes a doll, and a sofa pillow with two corners tied into the middle by a sash makes a fine

"huggable" one. The cheap wicker, low doll carriage, found in small shops and country stores, is good for a little child. The writer has watched a two-year-old push one in a pen, push a fan doll back and forth an hour at a time, one hand on bar and the other manipulating the wagon, varying it by sitting down and covering or uncovering the doll with a handkerchief. This child, now a woman, will never lack for things to do.

Resources in oneself are safeguards for one's fate. It takes time and patience to evolve them in our children, but it is worth all it costs.

Children need direct sunlight—lots of it! The early morning and late afternoon are best for them, although all sunshine is of benefit unless it is too hot.

It is impossible to state too often that window glass breaks up ultra-violet rays that produce red corpuscles in the blood. Welfare experts are demanding glass for living rooms which will not destroy them, but at present the cost is prohibitive for general use.

Shield baby eyes from bright sunlight by hat brim or cap frill, or turn the back towards it, as eye trouble follows glare in the eyes. Special care should be taken when children are lying asleep in the carriage. Nursemaids seem to delight in placing their charges in the full glare of the sun. One may see rows of them being so injured in any park.

The more surface of the body that can be exposed to the sun, the greater will be the gain. It is customary to see bare legs flourished in the air from elegant coaches, while only a short while ago bare feet were considered a sign of poverty. Indeed, wool stockings and shoes would have been visible if not covered by blankets.

Let children go barefoot when feasible, taking care of any cuts to prevent infection. They certainly appear to gain strength from contact with earth, regardless of assertions to the contrary. Tender skin soon toughens to make it safe. Adults are going unshod. There are Nature cures where few clothes are worn, and walking on grass covered with morning dew is insisted upon. The latter produces a delightful reaction similar to that of wading.

When not in reach of salt- or fresh-water bathing (the first is preferable), a satisfactory substitute may be provided by means of pails or water cans—even the garden hose. Put on the children's bathing suits, soiled rompers, or nothing at all if privacy permits, and let them paddle at will in and out of a tub or large pan. Water may be poured over sturdy children with no bad effects if not cold enough to be a shock. Wet the temples, top of head and back of neck, and wait at least an hour after eating before allowing the "water sports."

THE simple deed is often the mightiest.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, their name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 161 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

REQUESTS

1. I am a motherless girl. I stay with my sisters. I would appreciate any kind of reading, or quilt scraps. Sarah Sullivan, Konnarock, Va., Box 60.

2. I am a widow, with two small children,—a boy, 5 years of age, and a girl of 3. I would like to get good books or magazines to read, quilt pieces, embroidery or crochet thread, or anything that would amuse the children. For reference will send Elder George Barker, Lansing, N. C. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. Maggie McMilin, R. 1, Box 46, Rugby, Va.

3. I am a mother of three children. We are very lonely. My husband lost his mind and is in the state hospital. I would be glad to have some books or reading of any kind, quilt scraps, or anything that would cheer me up. Mrs. F. M. Carter, Whitetop, Va., Box 48, R. R. 2.

4. I have not heard from any *Cheerful Letter* member in over three months. I would appreciate a *Cheerful Letter* correspondent, also a few

quilt pieces. I hope someone will respond to my call. Mrs. Mattie Pogh, Lansing, N. C.

5. I am a little girl 11 years old, and in the fifth grade. I will be 12 the first day of October. I am going to Hill's View School. I never missed any days last year. School went on nine months, and it will begin the 12th of July. I would like to have some books to read that would be suitable for my size. I am piecing me a quilt. I would like to have some scraps also. Thelma Carter, Riceville, Tenn., R. 2, Box 41.

6. I am 13 years old, 4 feet 9 inches tall, and in the eighth grade. I will be glad to receive any reading matter you send me. I like to read, and to play with paper dolls. Eleanor Morrow, Athens, Tenn., R. 7, Box 449.

7. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the Circle. I hope I am not entirely forgotten. I want to thank all who have remembered me in the past. I would like to correspond with some of the members of the *Cheerful Letter*, for this gives me much pleasure, indeed. I enjoy

reading letters from folks in different parts of the States. I wish I had one correspondent from each state of the U. S. A.- I would try to answer all as far as possible. I would like to receive books for myself, also scraps of any kind for patchwork, also bits of ribbon and laces. I especially ask that my little boy receive cards and picture books. He is an invalid, almost a shut-in, can't talk at all, but enjoys pictures and books above all else. Please remember him. I want to receive the *Cheerful Letter* magazine regularly each month, as I am making file of every copy. Mrs. Betty Harrison, Evensville, Tenn.

8. Mrs. Mamie Barker of Lansing, N. C., writes asking for books and reading matter for her twenty-year-old son, who was made a cripple through an accident. She would very much appreciate quilt material for herself.

9. Mrs. Martha Cooper of Rupert, Ark., is the wife of a farmer. She has four children, three little boys and one baby girl. She asks to be sent books, cards, and anything to interest her little boys. Porter, the six-year-old, who is very tiny for his age, says he is sure some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends will send him some cards.

10. I would be very glad to get some old magazines, or any reading matter. I live in an out-of-the-way place and a long way from church. I am 12 years old. I have no sisters, and my brothers are grown up and away from home. I should also like some quilt material to make me a quilt. Nannie Mae Spencer, Stella, Va.

11. Walter G. Powers, Lansing, N. C., a minister, asks for books on Bible History to help him in his studies.

12. I want to be a member of the *Cheerful Letter*. I am 15 years old and in the fifth grade. I am a poor boy, my parents are old, and I am the only child at home. I get very lonesome. I would be glad of any good reading matter or school supplies. Thanking you, Harley Pruitt, Rex, Ark.

13. Mrs. Bessie Rhodes of Crumpler, N. C., sends her thanks for a package of quilt pieces and a book she received the past season. Her father has recently died, and she feels very lonely. She asks for cheer. She would like good reading, quilt pieces and slips of flowers, as she is a great flower lover.

14. I am 16 years old, and the only girl at home, and I get very lonesome. Would like to be remembered with novels and magazines. Would especially like to get the *Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. I would like to get some of Mary G. Holmes, Georgie Sheldon, and Bertha M. Clay novels. I live about twenty miles from town, with but a few neighbors, and I get so lonesome. I will pass on all the good books and magazines to the few neighbors. I would also like to get quilt scraps, embroidery thread and transfer design for mother,

for she has rheumatism and nervousness, and is unable to do much work. I wish to thank all, through this column, that have sent me things in the past. (Miss) Margaret Hill, Lawsonville, N. C.

15. Mrs. Martin McCullough, Sinclairville, N. Y., Box 60, is crippled with rheumatism and confined to a wheel chair. She lives in the country, far from neighbors. She looks to the *Cheerful Letter* friends to send her cheer in the way of books, magazines or any reading matter.

16. Mrs. Jacob Hefner, Rupert, Ark., is a mother of six children, ranging in ages from six months to sixteen years. She is very much confined to the house, so comes to the *Cheerful Letter* asking for any cheer that any *Cheerful Letterer* might send her.

17. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends:* I am writing to ask all you sisters to please remember this dear shut-in, who has been confined to her room for a long time. She is patient and sweet, never complaining. She is shut in, but not shut out. Dear sisters, let's all remember with some kind of cheer. She likes to piece quilts, and would appreciate any kind of pieces for patchwork, as piecing quilts and fancy work is all she can do. Hope many will remember her. Her name is Mrs. Martha Borcharding, Highmore, S. Dak.

Notice: No attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

THE little sharp vexations

And the briars that catch and fret.

Why not take all to the Helper

Who never has failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,

And tell Him the longings, too;

Tell Him the baffled purpose

When we scarce know what to do.

Then leaving all our weakness

To the One divinely strong.

Forget that we bore the burden,

And carry away the song.

—Phillips Brooks.

Do what you can where you are with what you have.—Roosevelt.

MY LAMP

BUT when the shadows of the night begin,

And sifted sunlight falls no more on me,

May I have learned to light my lamp within;

So that the passing world may look and see

Still the same radiance, though with paler hue.

Of the sweet lives that help men to live true.

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

WITH OUR HOME-MAKERS

FAVORITE RECEIPTS

Stewed Rhubarb.—Two pounds of rhubarb, washed, and cut in cube lengths; 2 cupfuls of sugar, and 2 cupfuls of water.

Bring the water and sugar to the boiling point, add the rhubarb and let that come to a quick boiling, but do not stir. Shake the pot if the rhubarb is not covered. It should be brought to a boiling point quickly and then immediately allowed to cool. The rhubarb becomes tender in the hot juice while cooling. This is delicious if a person likes the rhubarb in whole pieces and with plenty of juice.

Canning Rhubarb.—Pour in preserving jars while still hot the fruit thus prepared and seal immediately. Have the jars clean and hot, ready for the rhubarb.

Macaroni in Tomato Baskets.—Choose large, firm tomatoes, cut a round piece from top of each, and scoop out the pulp. Fill the halves with macaroni mixed with cream sauce seasoned with celery and onion. Sprinkle fried bread crumbs over top and bake them in a hot oven for 15 minutes. They should be tender, but care should be taken that they do not break. When finished, bend a short piece of boiled macaroni over the top of each tomato to represent a basket handle. Serve hot, surrounded by croutons.

Surprise Baked Potato.—Large baked potato, mashed turnip, butter, pepper, salt, hot milk. Cut a slice from baked potato, remove pulp, and mash with half as much turnip; add butter, seasoning and milk. Beat well. Pile into shells and place in oven until served.

Substitute for Citron.—When without citron for a cake or pudding, use dried peaches or apricots, or if neither is on hand, use prunes. They do not need to be soaked but should be washed, dried, and then cut into tiny pieces. If added to a cake batter, roll them in flour. They give a delicious fruity taste and make a fine substitute for citron.

HANDY HINTS

A splendid shoe polish can be made by mixing a little milk with ordinary shoe blacking. After rubbing a small quantity on the leather very little "elbow grease" will be required.

Glass spoons are better for any medicines than metal ones, but a small medicine glass is best, of course. They can be purchased for a very few cents and are more accurate for measuring than teaspoons, which vary in size.

The kitchen table will be much more comfortable for cooking if it is raised by placing a brick or block of wood under each leg. The higher table will save many a backache.

A torn placket hole looks most untidy, and can quite well be prevented in the following way:

Sew a hook and eye at the very bottom of it on the wrong side, then hook it together and pinch the hook down tight. This keeps the placket hole quite neat, and it is almost impossible to tear it.

Peach stains can be removed by soaking them in milk 24 hours, or by rubbing them with salts of lemon.

A grease spot on a leather chair can be removed by applying the beaten white of an egg, and letting it dry in the sun.

A piece of flannel dampened with spirits of camphor will remove stains from mirrors and window-glass.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,

And think you all in vain those falling tears?

Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;

You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented

This petition at the Father's throne,

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking

So urgent was your heart to make it known.

Though years have passed since then, do not despair;

The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;

Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.

The work began when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what he has begun.

If you will keep the incense burning there,

His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;

Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,

Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock,

She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,

And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

"ARE you positive the defendant was drunk?"

"No doubt," growled Officer Rayne.

"Why are you so certain about it?"

"Well," replied Rayne, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street and then he looked up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and roared 'Gosh! I've lost fourteen pounds!'"

THE FEAST OF ROSES AT MANHEIM

LYING in the southeastern part of Pennsylvania in Lancaster County, is the little town of Manheim, with a population numbering only 2,700. Quietly it lies there, old in its contentment, for it dates back to the year 1763. Then it was laid out by Henry William Stiegel, whose name will ever live in the beautiful glassware he created, so rare in its quality that pieces of it are treasured by collectors and museums throughout the country.

Manheim was the town of his dreams, for in it he wished to express an ideal village, based on his recollections of other well-regulated German hamlets near Cologne, his birthplace.

In the year 1750 there had landed in the port of Philadelphia from the sailing ship *Nancy*, a German widow with her two sons, Heinrich Wilhelm and Anthony Stiegel. Frau Stiegel and the boy Anthony settled permanently in Schaffers-town, but the elder son, Heinrich, 21 years of age, went on to Brickerville, Lancaster County, where he found work at an iron furnace owned by Jacob Huber. Evidently the young man was energetic and industrious, for within two years he won Elizabeth, the daughter of his employer. Four or five years later he succeeded his father-in-law in business and gave the name of Elizabeth Furnace to the enterprise. Gaining the confidence of Philadelphia men as partners he extended his holdings by purchasing a second iron works a few miles away and gained title to over 10,000 acres of lumber and mineral.

After manufacturing bottles and window glass for a short time at Elizabeth Furnace as a side line, Stiegel and his partners branched out broadly in this direction, buying something more than a square mile of land, on which the present town of Manheim was laid out. Stiegel was evidently a venturesome person of artistic temperament, of kindly and generous nature and a liberal spender of the large profits made in his foundries. It was evidently his purpose to lay out his new village in a manner similar to those which he had known in Germany as a boy and young man. Although Cologne was his birthplace he apparently had as his pattern a small manufacturing village owned by the proprietor of an industry around which it centered.

In this case the business of the town was to be a glass factory, in which the æsthetic taste and business ability of the owner should be expressed, while through the community his fondness for his fellowmen would be exhibited in many ways.

Stiegel was a romantic figure, fond of show and delighting in a display of his wealth. Fine clothes, a handsome coach with frisky horses, and a large home in which guests were richly entertained were some of the facts around which a multitude of traditions and errors have clustered.

We are avoiding all statements which do not seem to be well authenticated, though in doing so the story may lack some of the glamour that clusters around the "Baron's" name. For Baron he was called, a title apparently given in a friendly though joking manner because of the ostentatious luxury in which Stiegel lived and the liberal manner in which he spent his money.

Always much interested in religion, Stiegel, in laying out the town of Manheim, set aside a lot and built on it the Zion Lutheran Church; this he turned over to the trustees in 1770 charging them with one-half its cost. Two years later as they found the burden of debt too heavy Stiegel sold them the remaining half of the property for the nominal price of five shillings, with the proviso that a rental should be paid each year to him or his heirs or descendants. This rental, he stipulated, should consist of one red rose, which should be delivered on the second Sunday of every June if requested.

Brilliant success followed for a time the new venture of glass making at Manheim. The product was of remarkable beauty and variety and was sold far and wide throughout the colonies. But Stiegel's extravagance and lack of business methods resulted in serious financial difficulties. His plant passed out of his control and his latter years were spent in poverty. What little money he earned came from teaching school, giving music lessons and preaching.

For a considerable time the yearly red rose was not requested as the rental for the little old church, but in 1891 the happy custom was renewed. Now on the second Sunday of each June piles of roses are dropped within the chancel rail by members of the grateful congregation and by interested visitors who are glad to pay this tribute to a generous and kindly man, maker of the finest glass produced in America within his century.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

I WOULD BE TRUE

I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care,
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

FRIENDSHIP is the nearest thing we know to what religion is. God is love. And to make religion akin to friendship is simply to give it the highest expression conceivable by man. . . . The beauty of friendship is its infinity.—*Henry Drummond*.

WHEN THE GRAY FRIARS CAME TO CANTERBURY

MEMORIES OF THE GOOD ST. FRANCIS

DANTE says, "St. Francis rose like a star and illuminated everything with his rays." True it is that the rays of his star have illuminated the Gray Friars' Garden in Canterbury. It is a paradise too often overlooked, owing to the greater attraction of Canterbury's wonderful Cathedral, grand, overpowering, majestic, while Paradise is full of beauty, peace, and quiet charm.

The coming of the Gray Friars to Canterbury in the year 1224 was the latest thing in the religious development of that day. There was great need for self-denial and strict observance of severe rules, because the earlier friars had fallen from grace. Francis of Assisi was teaching by his life that self-denial must be the keynote of serious religion; his followers must wander over the world preaching faith in Christ, helping the poor and sick, asking only a scanty fare for the passing day, and bound by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

One September day in the year 1224, a few men with no ecclesiastical pomp, but poor, ragged, and barefooted, their gowns bound by hempen girdles, pulled at the turret bell of the Poor Priests' Hospital in Canterbury and were kindly entertained there.

Once within the walls, they gazed upon the pleasant valley of the Stour. The beauty of the surrounding country, its gentle declivities and luxuriant meadows, its woods and hillsides, even though in an uncultivated state, appealed to the beauty-loving Franciscans. Here these first missionaries to England made a home for their order—the Gray Friars.

By a short passage from the west side of Stour Street we, too, pull the long iron handle of the turret bell of what remains of the Poor Priests' Hospital, and, once within the gate, wherever the eye reaches, behold a mass of beauty, flowers of many hues, rich and luxuriant, a tangle of vines; and we know that we are looking at the first resting place in England of a religious movement of great importance. Just beyond lies a small island formed by the arm of the Stour and a smaller stream, and on that little island the Gray Friars were given leave to settle and build their huts of wattle and daub. Later, more land came into their possession, bridges were built, and a place in which to worship; and the picturesque garden which we see to-day may have been commenced.

Also one finds extensive remains of the precinct walls, with a small twelfth-century doorway. The view toward the back of Eastbridge Hospital is quaint and beautiful, perhaps one of the finest in the old city. One bridge shows possible

Saxon masonry, which may be all that is left of the bridge over Watling Street, for the line must have crossed the Stour at this spot.

The only building that stands to-day is a beautiful, small, two-storied house built on pointed arches over the little stream which gives freedom to the white swans floating gracefully about. A part of the original roof is here, and many interesting architectural features.

The house has an original fireplace. Lanceswinds look out over fields of wonderful bloom in the midst of which is the original portion of the stone bridge built by the Gray Friars in the fourteenth century to give the public welcome to their church. Also, two wooden bridges which have replaced those built by the friars cross the river and the little streams.

The Friary was dissolved in 1534 and sold by the Crown to laymen. Richard Lovelace, the poet of Stuart days, once owned it, and here, it is said, he wrote his touching farewell "To Lucrezia on Going to the Wars," which John Lanier has so gracefully put into music.

Tell me not (sweet) I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To warre and arms I flie.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.

But now the whole site has come into the appreciative hands of Major James, who has restored it to its former beauty, with all the quaint memories and sacred associations, and discovered the lost remains of the days of the friars and their Roman predecessors. To-day it stands in the midst of wonderful gardens. Old-time buds and blossoms run riot in all directions, bordering the banks of streams, trailing from picturesque bridges. Roses, roses such only as are found under English skies. Row on row of foxglove and candy-tuft—vervain and lavender—many unknown but delicately odorous blooms, all growing in that sweet disorder which is the perfection of English fields and gardens, while stately hollyhocks and nodding Canterbury bells stand sentinels over winding paths hedged with snowy bridal wreath and blushing valerian.

Such a garden recalls evidences of the piety of the early friars which has lingered on from the medieval days. They found ready emblems in the flowers of the field, wayside, and garden to take their thoughts away from earth's cares.

orrows, and allurements, if only for the moment
to the life of self-sacrifice completed upon
Calvary.

Doubtless the friars with their primitive
and religious minds found sacred meanings
and associations with their own gardens on this
very spot, and called it a speaking garden.
What the old herbalist Parkinson calls his
"Paradisus"—one wherein each tree, shrub, and
flower is connected with Christian legend and
tradition; for we know that at the earliest age of
the world the human heart felt flowers to be the
natural symbols of gentle affections and noble
aspirations.

Transmitted from earlier religions, adopted
by later, passing from pagan temples to convent
walls, the common flowers of wayside and gardens
have reached us as an imperishable trust be-
queathed by the first intimations of a supreme
love of the mind of man.

Such is this garden of beauty, redolent of the
piety of Saint Francis and his Gray Friars, which
is found in the very heart of old Canterbury,
offering rest and peace to the weary traveler.

It is seven hundred years since the Gray Friars
first trod this ground; yet the streams, the
flowers, the ruined walls and ancient house all
form an atmosphere as impossible to describe
as it is to forget.—*Janet Sanderson, in The
Christian Register.*

"LIVING EPISTLES"

CHRIST has no hands but our hands,
To do his work today,
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way.
He has no tongue but our tongues,
To tell men how He died,
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.
We are the only Bible
The careless world will read,
We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed.
We are the Lord's lost message
Given in deed and word,
What if the type is crooked?
What if the print is blurred?
What if our hands are busy
With other work than His?
What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking
Of things His life would spurn?
How can we hope to help Him
And hasten His return?

—*Selected.*

THE FADING LINE

THE years immediately following the World
War were meanly unhappy. We all were suffer-
ing from hate. Men who held unprecedented
power over affairs failed to use their power wisely
and nobly. They drew hateful lines upon the
floor of the world. They drew lines to separate
the wholly guilty from the wholly innocent. If
it had been possible to maintain those lines, there
would have been no end to the piling up of
grudges and nourishment of revenge. Hate
invariably makes itself ridiculous. Quickly the
lines have faded. There was neither economic
nor moral reality in them. Today we consent
to and applaud events and policies which ignore
the fatuous lines which were drawn with such
pomp. First the Dawes Policy; then the spirit
of Locarno; lately the entrance of Germany into
the League of Nations—all these have over-
stepped and helped to wipe out the distinctions
drawn by post-war hate. In America, in Europe,
the truth has found voice. Men speak it who
have sought it for truth's sake. Business men
implicitly state it, and, indeed, are more ready
to utter it than are the statesmen. Men of
business give it only a practical application; but
they know that the sentimentality of hate is soon
swept away by the forces of Necessity. The
truth is that hate is mocked by our own deeper
nature. It has no abiding place in a spiritual
Universe. We are happier now the lines have
faded.

In our personal lives we may be self-victimized
by the same futility. There is no fine happiness
for us, when we have allowed resistances and
antipathies to harden into hate. It was said of a
College president not long ago: "He is one who
loves his friends and hates his enemies; but his
enemies are never persons." We should deeply
desire the same to be truly said of us. This does
not mean that we turn from things that need
resistance, that we pretend to have as much in
common with one person as another, that we
never come to grips with the difficulties of living
together. "The heart of another is a dark
forest," as Turgenev said. We have to reckon
with wild ferocities and unreasoning timidities.
But it does mean that we rise, even after struggle,
to an impersonal state of mind and see things
largely. It is not easy so to rise. It is only
done by those who on occasion can be hard on
themselves and purge their hearts by some con-
templation of the pathos, splendor and greatness
of Life. It is of the essence of religion to remind
ourselves that Life is immeasurably greater than
the mean thing we sometimes make it appear.
Let us live towards that greatness. The ultimate
greatness of Life is God. In His presence harsh-
ness dies; only love lives.—(From a sermon in the
Church of the First Parish.)

"Do not pray for crutches, but for wings."

A LITTLE GIRL COWBOY

WHAT were the thoughts of that little child who went out as an emigrant to Kansas in 1862? Her thoughts were certainly very different from those of other children born and bred under other skies. . . .

If a little girl, from whatever combination of circumstances, found herself turned into a boy, or rather her father's right-hand man, at the age of eight years, she would acquire such a sense of personal importance and responsibility that then and there her childishness would fall away from her like a worn-out garment. To be told, for instance, to see to it that the team of horses were fed and harnessed and ready to start with Auntie to Mound City in half an hour makes a child grow up like Jack's bean-stalk, however young she may be.

Helped by the experience of many years in many lands, the present writer now sees clearly that the little girl, who somehow she was, mistook much, and about nothing was she more mistaken than about these same horses. She considered herself most admirable in their management, and other people stood aghast at her frantic proceedings and fearless handling of the animals. She seemed able to do anything with a horse, and always turned up smiling; but the truth was, these horses took care of her. They were always on the alert not to step on her bare little feet when she was buzzing about them like a vociferous bee. They never kicked nor bit her, nor minded her whip in the least. The only thing that seemed to worry them was if she screamed shrilly at them. She and they were, so to speak, pals, and yet one might wonder how could there be much comradeship between them, seeing that she was only four feet two and they were seventeen hands nearly. But they loved each other, and that explains all.—*Mrs. Orpen, in "Memories of the Old Emigrant Days in Kansas, 1862-1865."*

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

First Anniversary—Cotton Wedding.
Second Anniversary—Paper Wedding.
Third Anniversary—Leather Wedding.
Fifth Anniversary—Wooden Wedding.
Seventh Anniversary—Woolen Wedding.
Tenth Anniversary—Tin Wedding.
Twelfth Anniversary—Silk and Fine Linen Wedding.
Fifteenth Anniversary—Crystal Wedding.
Twentieth Anniversary—China Wedding.
Twenty-fifth Anniversary—Silver Wedding.
Thirtieth Anniversary—Pearl Wedding.
Fortieth Anniversary—Ruby Wedding.
Fiftieth Anniversary—Golden Wedding.
Seventy-fifth Anniversary—Diamond Wedding.

HARDER THAN IT LOOKS

A WRITER in the *Boy's World* tells of the following stunts that are not so easy as they look. Try some of them the next time some of your little friends are around. Besides finding out that they are harder than they look you will have a lot of fun in the bargain.

curl the thumb into the palm of your hand and close the fingers loosely over it. Now double up your arm and place your hand in the armpit. Next, slide the thumb out. The "stunt" is to replace the thumb without removing the hand from the armpit. You will find it surprisingly difficult.

Place your right hand, palm down, on the top of your head and ask your friend to take it off by taking hold of your wrist. It looks easy but he will find it very difficult. That position of your arm gives the bicep muscles a very firm set and your friend will have to be greatly superior in muscular power to defeat you. Remember the hand must be lifted, not dragged, off.

Here is another one. Place your friends in line, each with his right shoulder and the side of his right foot against the wall. Now ask them to stand on the right foot only. The result will cause a laugh.

Stand erect with your legs straight, your heels together, and your toes turned out. Have someone stick an ordinary pin in the carpet between your feet. The trick is to get the pin without bending your knees. It is easy enough to swing down and touch the floor, but you will find it a different matter to hold the position long enough to extract the pin.

Extend the body nearly parallel with the floor by supporting your weight on your toes and one arm. Let your disengaged arm and hand rest on your back, and between the fingers on the floor hold a match. The trick is to get the match with your teeth without touching the body to the floor.

WHAT HE USED THE MILK FOR

A CLERGYMAN had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

"DOESN'T that mule ever kick you?"

"No, suh, he ain't yet, but he often kicks the place where ah just was."—*Carolina Motor.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

S'PRISES

"WHAT time is Mother coming home?" asked Jean, leaning lovingly against Grandma's knee.

"I'm afraid she will be late tonight, honey. What is the matter with the dollies? Are they tired of so much play?" Grandma smoothed the silken head of the little girl gently.

"No, but I am. Isn't there something I could do to surprise Mother? Could I put the kettle on? It's nearly supper time."

Grandma looked doubtful.

"Do let me try, Grandma. I'll stand on a chair and hold the kettle under the tap and not fill it too full."

"Well, well, I see you know something about it already. Be careful not to spill it on yourself."

Jean gave a happy little chuckle as she ran out to the kitchen. "I can set my dolls' table, Grandma," she called back, "so why couldn't I set our table? Wouldn't that surprise Mother?"

"It would, indeed. I believe I'll let you try," Grandma answered.

Jean filled the kettle and carried it to the stove. It was heavy, and she set it down with a grunt. "There, that's done. Let me see, the dollies go on first. Oh, I know I'm just going to love setting the table."

It was fun picking out the cute little linen pieces with the daisies on them. Grandma's fingers had worked them all.

"And now the knives and forks," said Grandma. "Can you tell me how you should place them?"

"Well, I suppose so that they will be easy to pick up and use," said Jean, opening the silver drawer of the buffet.

"Yes. If we cut with the knife then we shall hold it in the right hand," said Grandma.

"And so it goes to the right of the doily," added Jean. "That's just the way I do with my doll's things. The fork goes on the left. Only I have trouble sometimes remembering which is left. How many spoons, Grandma?"

"Two, dear."

Jean hustled about distributing the silver gleefully.

She found the napkin rings, the pepper and salt shakers, the sugar bowl, and the cream pitcher. And then, just when the kettle was beginning to sing, Mother's key was heard in the front door.

"S'prise! S'prise!" shouted Jean, running to meet her. "Come and see our s'prise!"

Mother kissed her fondly and followed her to the dining room.

"Well, well, my own little daughter!" she exclaimed, looking from Jean to the neatly set table and back again. "What a help this is! Now it won't take a minute to get supper. You

have made me very happy, darling. And I have a surprise for you, too. I was going to keep it until tomorrow, but I guess you may as well have it tonight."

Jean's eyes sparkled. There wasn't anything quite as fascinating as a surprise—unless it was a secret. And this one was both, because it wasn't until Jean had eaten all her supper, the soft cooked rice, and bread and butter and a glass of milk that Mother brought it out. And then, what do you think it was? A charlotte russe!

"It's just like a party tonight!" cried Jean, turning the pretty, fluted dessert around on her plate. "We did need the two spoons, didn't we, Grandma?"

Grandma nodded and smiled.

"I think, Mother, I'd like to set the table for you every night," said Jean, as she took a big spoonful of her charlotte russe.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,

Up through the long shady lane,

Where the quail whistle loud in the wheat fields

That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses

Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows:

They gather the earliest snowdrops

And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;

They gather the elder-bloom white;

They find where the dusky grapes purple

In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest

And are sweeter than Italy's wines;

They know where the fruit hangs the thickest

On the thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds

And build tiny castles of sand;

They pick up the beautiful sea shells—

Fairy barks that have drifted to land;

They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,

Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,

And at night-time are folded in slumber

By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;

The humble and poor become great;

And from these brown-handed children

Shall grow mighty rulers of State.

The pen of the author and statesman—

The noble and wise of the land—

The sword and the chisel and palette

Shall be held in the little brown hands.

—*Mary H. Krout*.

FROM "THE POET"

LET me go where'er I will,
 I hear a sky-born music still:
 It sounds from all things old,
 It sounds from all things young,
 From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
 Peals out a cheerful song.
 It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in the bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard,
 But in the darkest, meanest things,
 There alway, alway something sings.
 'Tis not in the high stars alone,
 Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
 Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
 But in the mud and scum of things
 There alway, alway something sings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SURE INDICATION

WHILE motoring in Scotland one evening just as dusk was falling, an American tourist became lost. Seeing a youth by the wayside the American stopped the car and said to him "Where are we, son?" "I'll tell ye for sae pence," came the shrewd reply. "It's a right," said the American to his companion "we're near Aberdeen."

RESOURCEFUL

"TWELVE persons for dinner! Are ye crazy?"

"We might invite a thirteenth; that would perhaps take away their appetite."

A WELCOME ACCIDENT

"A PSYCHOLOGIST says that beauty is but an accident."

"That may be, but no woman was ever known to take out a policy against it."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

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3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

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